A SONG OF SION.

Written by a Citizen thereof, whose outward Habitation is in *Virginia*; and being sent over to some of his Friends in *England*, the same is found fitting to be Published, for to warn the Seed of Evil-doers.

The Seed is sown, from which rare fruits do spring,
The Plant is grown, that heavenly vertues bring;
The dead now lives, that's risen from the grave,
That praises gives, to him that powers save.
The morning of that day, is dawned clear,
Wherein Sons may walk in Celestial Sphere.
Nations partake of Gospel Tidings sound,
Sins to forsake, and in Christ to be found.
And happy's he, that's liv'd to see this day,
And blessed be, the living God alway.

By the Publisher.

With an Additional POST-SCRIPT from another Hand.

Printed in the Year, 1662.

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A SONG of SION.

A general Warning *for all men to see,*
That now the World may fully warned be;
And given unto you as a lovely Song,
That in your mindes you may retain it long;
And a Witness against those let it rise,
That desperately Christ's Light do despise.
Tremble ye proud ones, let your fury halt
That so rebel, and yet your selves exalt;
Now mark this well, O thou America,
Europe *also,* Asia and Africa.

BE silent now all People, young and old,
Give ear all Nations, let your eyes behold
How Christ's pure Light, most glorious doth appear,
O all mankind submit to him in fear;
And let your Priests for shame deceive no more,
For Christ doth sure destroy great *Babel's Whore,*
Which proudly doth on many Waters sit,
And to Christ's glorious Light will not submit,
But strictly will make Laws against the just,
And rob the harmeless, to fulfil their lust.
Was ever *Pharaoh's* eye more wilful blind?
And think you not, God's wrath as sure to find?
Would you prescribe how men shall serve the Lord?
And you your selves God's Laws never regard.
O wretched men, would you your selves enthrone,
And seek to rule, where Christ should rule alone?
Who truly will reward equal and right,
According as each loves or hates his Light.
Dare you revenge your selves upon a man
That fears the Lord, and not bow to you can?
Or for reproving you of any ill,
Will you your cruelty on them fulfil?
And for meeting together in Christ's Name,
Dare you make havock of them for the same?

Let fury ceaſe, for God's juſt wrath proceeds,
And gives to man according to his deeds.
Doth Corn ſo plentifully now abound,
That upright men may not work in their ground,
And no place elſe can you to them aford,
But priſon-holes becauſe they fear the Lord.
Think you the Lord not angry is for this?
Or do you think, that ye his ſtroak ſhall miſs?
O conſider, and be aſtoniſhed,
That you ſo wretchedly are hardened.
Let this be writ for the ſucceeding age,
To ſee their folly, and abhor their rage:
That they may know the dreadful works of God,
And ſay at laſt, theſe juſtly felt his rod.
Bleſſed are they that in their hearts have room,
For Chriſt to raign, before his anger come;
For dreadful time of wrath is ſure at hand,
O faithleſs ones, when will you underſtand?
Now let this be imprinted in your mind,
In time *repent*, whilſt you a time yet find
Fear the Lord God, ceaſe from iniquity,
And love Chriſts Light, elſe in your ſins you die.
The everlaſting Goſpel, Saints declare,
O all mankind to hear it now prepare.

All People hear, both far and near,
of Tongues and Nations all,
That do belong, to Princes ſtrong,
of Kingdoms great or ſmall:
O mind all you, theſe words moſt true,
proceeding from above,
Whoſe juſt command, muſt ever ſtand,
who dares againſt it move?
The pure Fanner, gives his banner,
to them that fears his Name,
For to diſplay, in this his day,
and ſpread Truths royal fame;
And glorious moves, his harmleſs doves,
for to declare theſe things,

O mankind all, mark well your call,
now hear most pure tidings.
Fear God most high, him magnifie,
and dread his iron rod,
For Nations must, do what is just,
and serve the living God.
All in each land, now understand,
obey Christ's saving Light,
That in you is, and shews you this,
to walk most true and right.
And to beware, nothing to dare,
with any to accord,
That proudly seek, to turn the meek,
from serving of the Lord.
And now behold, all young and old,
and see your thoughts most vain,
Let wicked man, do what he can,
Christ over all shall reign.
Therefore awake, your sins forsake,
obey Christ's pure command,
All high and low, him mind to know,
And this now understand:
How you in sin, wilful have been,
greatly opposing those,
Which did discharge, their trust at large,
though for it they had blowes.
And proud vain men, do yet agen,
their fury greatly showe,
Against Christs Light, with cruel spight,
though for it they have woe.
Darkness therefore, such love far more,
than Christ's pure shining Light,
And Truth such hate, though high they prate,
they stumble in the night:
And will not see, the misery,
they plunge themselves into,
Nor yet will heed, how they make speed,
into *Tophet* to go.
Yet some may say, shew us the way,
this madness to forsake,

For certainly, they go awry,
that do with ſuch partake.
Alſo indeed, they do exceed,
religions all unſound,
Saints words to uſe, and yet abuſe,
thoſe in the Light are found.
To ſuch true heart, I muſt impart,
glad tydings to thee ſure,
If thou indeed, deſires to feed,
on bread of Life moſt pure.
If thou wilt hear, O then give ear,
alſo receive true ſight,
Let nothing be, ſo dear to thee,
as Chriſt's moſt glorious Light.
Turn thine eye in, and there begin,
to ſee its brightneſs ſhine,
There hear the voice, which may rejoyce,
thy ſoul in mirth Divine.
Pure Doctrine there, is alway near,
if thou in Truth abide,
To walk therein, and ceaſe from ſin,
and not from Chriſt to ſlide.
O who can gueſs, or ought expreſs,
how great peace ſuch do find,
Whoſe hearts alway, on Chriſt do ſtay,
and do him ever mind :
And that do love, him far above,
man's tongue can well declare,
Surely they will, obey him ſtill,
though for't they hated are.
But all the proud, may houl full loud,
and thus lift up their cry,
We fools alas, our dayes did paſs,
in pride and vanity ;
But now we find, we were ſtark blind,
and did reject the Light,
Which now will ſting, everlaſting,
ſad thoughts doth now affright.
So remaining, ſad complaining,
may yet thus farther ſpeak,

Horror and wo, oppresseth so,
my heart, as it would break.
Can any thing, now easement bring,
my sins so numerous?
Is this my gain, sorrow and pain,
and ends mine honour thus?
Can house or land, or gold in hand,
avail my soul perplext?
Or can pleasures, or yet treasures,
release my spirit vext?
Can Physick rare, or Princely fare,
or musicks highest strain?
Or Monarchs great, though in their seat,
such seem a while to raign?
Or Prince, or Peer, of Kingdoms here,
on the terrestrial Globe,
Add a relief, unto my grief,
or soul of sin unrobe?
No they must die, and also lie,
in bowels of the earth;
Their honour flee, and nothing be,
and where is then their mirth?
Yea so it is, vain man amiss,
in darkness wanders so,
Till God's fierce storm, awakes their worm,
then are they fill'd with wo.
Thus men unwise, so lives so dies,
and thus their time they spend,
Yet must again, rise unto pain,
that never shall have end.
The Saints also, a time do know,
of gladness and of joy,
Though proud vain men, consult agen,
thinking them to destroy.
Yet shall they sing, unto their King,
in pleasant mellody,
When those that would, Christ reign not should,
shall howl in misery.
Therefore no less, they do confess,
in anguish and sore grief,

They are undone, for in God's Son,
they had no true belief.
But hated such, that loved much,
for to instruct them well,
Therefore at last, are justly cast,
into the flames of hell.
Great joyes begin, sweetly to spring,
the righteous have their part,
Sadness must flee, and gladness be,
to the upright in heart.
Man's rage shall pass, and he as grass,
shall fade and not be found,
His wrath shall be, his misery,
great wo will him surround.
And Christ alone, shall on his Throne,
most gloriously appear,
The Saints rejoyce, in heart and voice,
they see this day is near.
And some may say, it's now bright day,
and Christ's now clearly seen,
And in his train, glorious to raign,
more than long since hath been;
And in thousands, now glorious stands,
condemning what is ill.
Yea it is so, and yet we know,
the Lord of glory will,
Make all to bend, which do offend,
his royal Seed elect,
No greatness shall, defend their fall,
he will them not respect.
Nor strength nor might, of those which fight,
and scoffe at purity,
But down they go, exceeding low,
and sad will be their cry.
O see how vain, such do remain,
their hope a spiders bed
Their rotten wall, will sudden fall,
and then their hope is fled.
Their deeds will not, then be forgot,
their sins will all appear,

How they did ſlight, Chriſt's ſaving Light,
will pierce their ſoules with fear.
O now lament, and pure repent,
whil'ſt it is call'd to day,
Leſt your morrow, meets that ſorrow,
that muſt endure alway.
God's love is found, grace doth abound,
to them Chriſt's Light believe,
But great terror, woe and horror,
to thoſe God's ſpirit grieve.
Mark well each one, let this alone,
of all things elſe above,
Moſt minded be, and in dread ſee,
how you regard God's Love.

Now I return to you who highly prize,
God's glorious Truth, for Chriſt hath made you wiſe;
Whoſe Light you know, and gladly walk therein,
And for God's Truth, you ſufferers have bin:
Divine influence doth me purely move,
To give you all a joyful Kiſs of Love;
Where ere you be in Countries far or near,
It joys my heart, your ſaving health to hear.
Of all Nations, Kindreds, People, and Tongues,
Where Chriſt's beloved ones at all belongs;
This loving greeting to you all I ſend,
That faithful follows Chriſt unto the end.
Pure Lambs of Chriſt, that do in pureneſs dwell,
Pearls of higheſt eſteem, that do excel:
Celeſtial Lights, of the moſt noble birth,
Whoſe mournful nights, ends in eternal mirth.
Chriſt's pretious ones, whom he ſo dearly loves,
Hath heard your grones, you are his ſpouſe, his doves.
Therefore ariſe, your royal robe put on;
Chriſt makes you wiſe, on Thrones to ſit upon.
Therefore you ſhall ſo judge in righteouſneſs,
That Nations all ſhall to Chriſt's Light confeſs,
How brighteſt beams of Light tranſparent ſhow,
And pleaſant ſtreams of love, moſt ſweetly flow;

Returning

Returning praise to Christ from whence they spring,
To him alwayes high Alleluja's sing.
My Friends to me, you are exceeding dear,
That loves Christ's Light, and God most high do fear.
His power know, and where your strength doth lie,
You hear his voyce, and he hath heard your cry.
His answer know, and in his promise trust,
Your day of Tryals, end in Triumph must.
Christ's faithful ones, though scorners rage and frown,
God makes you heirs of an eternal Crown.
Glory to God, whose goodess, doth encrease,
Praise him ever, who gives to us his peace.
Not else I feel, that now to say I have,
But that I am, your fellow-friend, *John Greve*.

Virginia, The beginning of
the third Month, 1662.

An

An Additional POST-SCRIPT.

1. COme powerful God, O come thou Holy One
Possess thy Kingdom, and enjoy thy Throne:
How long, O righteous God, O glorious King
Shall *Babel* in her glory sit and sing,
And Tower and Vaunt her self upon the Wing?
2. Sits not thy *Sion*, weeping in the dust,
While the proud *Gentiles* (Lord) oppress the just?
Thou seest the Tears of thy afflicted Seed,
Thou hear'st the Groans of *Sion* in her Need,
Is she not cloathed in her mourning Weed?
3. Does not thy pierceing Eye, (pure God) behold
How *Babel's* builders brave it, and are bold?
Does not proud *Babel* all her forces bend
'Gainst every one that is thy *Sions* friend?
When shall the Harlot come unto her end?
4. Ah how does mischief in her bosom boyle,
How doth her Merchants hunt for prey and spoile?
Ah have they not already, Lord, begun
To spoil thy People in the face o'th' Sun,
And glory in't, as if they had well done?
5. Do they not Snares and wicked Lawes invent,
Fine, Premunire, yea, and Banishment?
Is this the worst, (Lord) that the Woolf intends
To thy meek harmless, helpless ones, thy friends?
Save Lord, or else his wrath in Murther ends.
6. Save Lord thy Remnant, let thy powerful Arm
Preserve thy suffering Seed, that means no harm:
Lord spare the People, open thou their eyes
Who onely to do evil yet are wise;
O that thy Seed in such, pure God, might rise.
7. Then should our enemies know (Lord) we are thine,
The harmless Branches of thy lovely Vine:
Did they our innocency, Lord, behold,
Would they count that for Copper which is Gold,
Would they thus worry the sheep of the Fold?

8. Clear thou the eye-sight, Lord, of such as be,
Through want of knowledge, enemies to thee;
Limit the proud, insulting, restless waves,
The desperately wicked that thus braves,
And Vaunts against thee; Thy poor servant craves.

9. Support thy Sion, let her holy Faith
Sound a defiance to the Dragon wrath:
Fill Sion with a holy zeal, let it be known,
The tender suffering babes, Lord be thy owne,
Be thou their Armour, Then thy will be done.

10. Fill thou the hearts of thine (pure God) with love
With patience, meekness, wisdom from above,
Let not the weakest (ah Lord) be beguil'd
Through Satans wiles, let not his faith be foil'd,
Make all thine valiant Lord, for thee, yet mild.

11. And as for me, thou know'st I am a worm,
Lord let me feel thy presence in the storm,
My wants, my weakness, Lord to thee is known,
Supply what's wanting, am not I thy own?
Ah help me, that I may not loose the Crown.

12. I see the Furnace must be hotter yet,
Lord so be it:
Preserve the Metal, burn but up the Dross,
And then what loss?
Thy Gold refin'd, there's comfort in the Cross,
Polish thy Jewels Lord unto thy praise,
So thou but shine upon me with thy rayes,
What is't if Lord for thee I end my dayes?

25th. 8. Moneth, *M. M.*
1662.

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